

**A Glimpse of Wm. M. Tweed—H  
Attention to Sick Prisoners.**

A reporter of the *New York Sun* recently made a visit to Blackwell's Island, and accepted the invitation of the Warden, the Earl of Shaftesbury, to the building in the east standing in the corridor of one of the wings, the one occupied by Tweed when he arrived in the place was pointed out by the Warden. The reporter, who was with him the long corridor the reporter saw a large form emerging from a cell. Keeper MacDonald was with the man. The reporter had a full view of him. He was a man of middle age, with a balding head, a long nose, and a thin mustache. He was quickly along the balcony and recognized the reporter. His face was flushed and he seemed much fresher than the man who had been in the institution. It was evident, however, that his mental anguish is great, and that he feels his degradation terribly. His hair is very short and his nose is straight.

vest, and short coat, but with the disguise which would be complete in many others; no one who had ever seen him would have failed to recognize the man who once carried New York in his pocket. He hurried up the staircase to the hospital. He had been visiting a sick convict in his cell and administering medicine to him.

Dr. Patridge, who is in charge of the Prison Hospital, has never seen a more

Twed. The ex-Boss arises at 6 o'clock every morning and attends to the wants of his patients. There are sixteen convicts on the sick list in the hospital. Those who are able to sit up eat at the same table as Twed and the head orderly. Twed has a place at the head of the table, and his superintendent officer at the foot. All fare alike, and the wealthy orderly never complains.

He is as much in earnest and as thorough in his work as he was in his other and brighter days when he was

rammany's children, and none of the  
sufferers in his care are neglected by  
him. It is astonishing, the keepers  
say, to see how active he is. When a  
convict is carried with a crushed foot  
or injured in any way, Truesd loses no  
time in attending to him. He carries  
a little book, which contains the names  
of the patients and the physician's in-  
structions about the time when medi-  
cine must be given them, or when a

and others applied. Thus, "John Smith, two pills every two hours," is never forgotten, and Tweed's usefulness is apparent to kill time, but he seems to take a wonderful interest in every one in the hospital, and frequently in the middle of the night arises to attend to the wants of a poor, suffering wretch.

Mary Clemmer Ames who is not tainted with either Liberal or Democratic sympathies in speaking of things in Congress, and more especially of the back-pay steal, says in the *Independence* of the 18th. They (Congressmen) must undo what they have done, or remain disgraced before the world. The effort is calling out some of the liveliest speaking heard in Congress for many a

day. What a comment on several things, if every man conveys his baggage to the treasury, except the President pay into the treasury, except the President pay. Other Presidents as late as Lincoln and Johnson managed to live in the White House and save compen-  
tencies out of a salary of \$25,000 a year. U. S. Grant, who once lived on less than \$800 a year, may or may not be able to do it now that his family is called "royal" and his daughter "the Princess." Mr. Morgan is *not* the best

"His services"—oh, yes. But if ever a man has been paid for his services it is U. S. Grant." Why, Mary, you are a traitor. You are an ingrate. You are false to your party. You are a sorehead. You are, or soon will be, a

poor, but honest woman, in the very  
citadel, whence the tinkling bell summons  
mons the faithful to the rescue, how  
dare you pen such stinging trifles of  
and concerning the men who claim all  
power, all the morality and all the  
honesty in the world. Are you not  
ashamed, claiming to be a Republican,  
to be found sitting in the seat of the  
scornor, and saying to the thousands  
who are the *indicted* with *condemned*

gain is the central and controlling idea of Grant and his fellows, and around this king idea of the party all rally. If there is anything that shall save this country from the throng of selfish and corrupt men who have fastened on every avenue of power, controlling every element, to perpetuate their power, that they may satisfy their greed for gold, it will be the speedy awakening of the people to the sordid,

seism policy of the party leaguers, who, secure in their fancied power, play such "fantastic tricks as makes high Heaven weep."—N. Y. Sun.

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HOW LONG TO SLEEP.—There has been a great deal of trash written, and labelled "Hygienic," but the following (we are sorry we do not know who wrote it) so entirely accords with our own experience, both as a working

farmer and a working editor, that we commend it to the readers of the *Rural New Yorker*, as sensible: "The fact, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising becomes impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because we want more. Six hours sleep will do very well for a plowman, or bricklayer, or any other man, who has no

manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over, the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening, with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise, is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and

his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him, an hour after midnight, is probably as good as two hours before, and even then his sleep will not so quickly and completely restore him, as it will his neighbor, who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a small dark spot near the center. A vertical crease is visible on the left side, and the page is set against a dark background.











**SETTLING THE YEAR'S ACCOUNTS.**  
The first of January, now so near at hand, will be a busy time to all to settle up the accounts of the year in more ways than one, but especially in regard to bills contracted and indebtedness incurred in every form. If a man pays B, the latter will be able to pay C, and so on a vast amount of liquidation may be effected. The following from an exchange is an example:  
"We once heard a merchant say that one morning he paid out a ten dollar bill, and at night received the same bill back again. He was curious to trace the bill to the business of the day, and ascertained that it had paid a hundred dollars of debt before it came back to him in the way of trade. We mention this little incident to show how much good may be done with a small sum of money in the payment of little debts. Much of the pressure of hard times would be removed if persons would not upon the resolution to discharge all small debts. It would need no inflation of the currency to do this. A few dollars sent out on their errand would accomplish it, and pay off a large sum by being thus kept in motion before it was stopped by some one who would lock it up where it would no more see the light of day. To do good money must be kept in active circulation, while the volume need not be so large as to make it plenty in every man's pocket."

**A NEW CEREAL.**—A new cereal has been grown in Oregon which has puzzled the farmers, as it is unlike any grain with which they are familiar. From one foot to ten stalks grow from one root to a height of about four feet, and these stalks, or straw, are thin and hard. The radicals are tough, and spread widely. The heads are six inches in length, and covered with a heavy beard, each filament being five inches long. The grain is double the length of a kernel of wheat, and instead of being firm and compact, is hollow, the cavity containing glutinous matter. While the grain bears a closer resemblance to wheat than to anything else, the straw looks more like that of rye or barley. Its origin is somewhat peculiar, the first grain having been taken from the stomach of a wild goose, by a farmer in Tillamook county, nearly three years ago. He was struck with its appearance, and planted it, and the succeeding season sowed the product. He distributed a portion of the second crop among a few friends in different parts of the State, who this year raised small quantities. It will require another year to determine the value of the grain.

**OFFICERS OF NATIONAL GRANGE.**—The following are the officers of the Pacific Coast Grange, which is entirely unrepresented.  
Master—W. Dudley Adams, Waukeon, Iowa.  
Overseer—Thomas Taylor, Columbia, S. C.  
Lecturer—T. A. Thompson, Plainville, Minn.  
Steward—A. J. Vaugha, Early Grove, Mississippi.  
Asst. Steward—G. W. Thompson, New Brunswick, N. J.  
Chaplain—Rev. A. Grosh, Washington, D. C.  
Treasurer—F. M. McDowell, Corning, N. Y.  
Secretary—O. H. Kelley, Washington, D. C.  
Gate-keeper—O. Dinwiddie, Orchard Grove, Ind.  
Ceres—Mrs. D. W. Adams, Waukeon, Iowa.  
Pomona—Mrs. O. H. Kelley, Washington, D. C.  
Flora—Mrs. J. C. Abbott, Clarksville, Iowa.  
Lady Asst. Steward—Miss C. A. Hall, Washington, D. C.

**A GOOD WIFE.**—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house, but a little way from my office, who had a kind word and a cheery smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell the secret of his constant and happy flow of spirits. No secret, doctor, he replied. 'I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to say an unkind word to anybody.'"

**WOULFUL MISTAKEN.**—The Hartford Times says: The Republican organs have for very many years announced the "death of the Democratic party," but they have proved themselves every time woefully mistaken. The Democratic party lives, and will live as long as the Constitution lives, for the two may be inseparably connected. Jefferson, who did so much towards the formation of the one, was also undeniably the founder of the other. While the Constitution remains as the law of the land, the great party who came into being with it, and who have always stood firmly by it, will also remain. But to the fact that the mis-called Republican party has fulfilled its mission, and is approaching its speedy end, we have the testimony of the Republican papers themselves.

**THE STRAM PLOW.**—Parvin, under contract with the Sacramento Plow Company, is on his way to Sacramento with two of his steam plows, and castings for two others, the boilers for which, and the additional fixtures, are being manufactured at the Adams Foundry in this city. Parvin is expected here by the 15th instant, after which time it is believed the company will proceed to manufacture the power and all connected therewith in this city. If this power shall be a success, and those who have seen it work declare that it is—the demand therefor will give employment to numerous mechanics, while the enterprise cannot but be immensely profitable to those energetic citizens who have undertaken it.—Sacramento Bee.

**SERPENTS OF THE YEAR.**—One of the most remarkable illustrations of the deadly and the wholesome in nature is given in the English Medical Press, which states that the poison of the cobra, the most deadly of the East India serpents, has been chemically analyzed, with the following results: Carbon, 45; nitrogen, 13; oxygen, 6; sulphur, 24; and hydrogen, 10. This is exactly the composition of beer. The latter is used in manufacturing the stuff of life—beer; the former is so deadly in its nature that, even when taken from the snake and preserved, and afterward injected under the skin of animals, it is immediately fatal.

**GEO. LEWALD & Co.,**  
(Successors to FLEISHMAN & KAUFMAN)

**DRY GOODS,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**PROVISIONS,**  
**CROCKERY,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**OILS, PAINTS AND WALL-PAPER.**

**FARMING IMPLEMENTS!**  
Agents for  
**Wood's Self-Raking Reaper!**  
**NEW IRON MOWER!**  
COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

**GOODS SOLD AT LOW PRICES AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.**  
MR. KAUFMAN, of the late firm, is always on hand to attend to his friends and patrons.  
WOODLAND, Feb. 20, 1874. nol-2m

**ANNUAL Clearing Out SALE!**

**GREAT SACRIFICE!**  
We offer our Annual Clearing Out Sale sooner than usual, in order that our Patrons may have an opportunity to purchase cheap.

**Holiday Goods!**

**DRY GOODS!**  
**ALL KINDS OF FUR**

**WOOLEN GOODS,**  
**CLOAKS,**  
**SHAWLS,**  
**FLANNEL SAQUES,**

**An Entire New Lot of DRESS GOODS!**

**MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING**

**Furnishing Goods!**  
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

We have reduced the price of our Goods, so that it is an inducement for everybody to buy.  
**A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.**  
Woodland, Dec. 18th, 1873. delis

**S. P. STINAFF & SON,**  
(Successors to Gray & Wood)

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**  
**MACHINERY,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**Wooden-Ware,**  
**Paints and Oils,**  
MAIN ST., WOODLAND.  
Are fully supplied with the latest improved machinery and agricultural implements, which we sell at San Francisco prices.

We also call attention to our  
**Iron and Wood-Workers' Tools**  
And stock in trade, consisting of Iron, Steel, Coal, Springs, Axes, Bolts, Nails, Locks, Screws, Hinges, etc., etc., etc.  
**CASTINGS FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY!**  
**CUTLERY,**  
In Every Style,  
Cordage, Blasting Powder, Fuse, And all kinds of Ammunition.  
**Wood and Willow-ware,**  
In great variety.  
Our stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, ETC., ETC.

**The Attention of Farmers, MECHANICS AND BUILDERS**  
Is particularly invited to our stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.  
**S. P. STINAFF & SON,**  
Woodland, November 1st, 1873. nol-2m

**J. L. SIMPSON,**  
**Druggist,**  
**GALBRAITH'S BLOCK,**  
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

**Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,**  
**TOILET PERFUMES FOR THE HAND,**  
KERCHIEF, HAIR OILS, SOAPS, HAIR BRUSHES, ETC.  
**A Fine Stock of School Books,**  
**Miscellaneous Books,**  
**Stationery,**  
**Initial Note,**  
**Diaries, Etc.**  
Also, a Complete Assortment of GLASS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, LEGAL BLANKS.

**Also, FINE PORT AND SHERRY WINES, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, COGNAC BRANDY, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum, Etc.**  
All of the purest quality for medicinal use.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours by a thoroughly competent druggist.  
**J. L. SIMPSON,**  
(Read & Magee's old stand.) Main street, delis-1

**P. S. GLASSCOCK,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery,**  
**STATIONERY, ETC.,**  
—ALSO—  
**Wholesale Dealer in Pure Liquors.**

**AGENT FOR THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE FIRE INSURANCE CO.,**  
**Front St., Knight's Landing.**

**AGENT FOR THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE!**  
**FURNITURE, FURNITURE!**

The undersigned having bought out his partner, Mr. Brogan, in the Furniture trade, will carry on the business as usual.  
**At the Old Stand on Main St.,**  
(OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE)  
Where he will keep every description of **HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!**  
And sell at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES!**  
WOODLAND, June 8th, 1873. J. K. SMITH. delis-2m

**WINTER STYLES FOR 73-4**  
**GENTS' SILK AND BUSINESS HATS**  
Were Introduced August 30th, AT D. H. QUINN'S, HATTER & FURRIER, 87 J. STREET.  
Ladies' Furs Made to Order and Repaired.  
**THE LATEST SHAPES.**  
delis-2m  
**EL DORADO LIVERY STABLES!**  
A Supply of Bread, Cakes, Pies, Crackers, Etc., always on hand, and delivered to any part of town if desired.  
**POCKMAN & BRO.,**  
(Successors to Hubbard & Sill.)  
Have become the Proprietors of these celebrated Livery, Sale and Boarding Stables, and are prepared to furnish on short notice any kind of turn-out desired—Saddle Horses, Single or Double Buggies, Carriages or Broughams, and will furnish drivers if desired. Horses Boarded by the day, week or month. POCKMAN & BRO., Proprietors, nol-2m

**BYNUM & CO.,**  
WEST END OF NEW COLLEGE BLOCK.

**Main St., Woodland,**  
Dealers in all kinds of **DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, COLICET AND FANCY ARTICLES,**  
**PURE WINES AND LIQUORS,**  
For Medicinal Purposes,  
—AND—  
**EVERYTHING USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE!**  
—ALSO—  
**A Large Stock of Stationery,**  
—CONSISTING OF—  
**LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS**  
**BLANK BOOKS,**  
**DIARIES, MEMORANDUMS, ETC., ETC.**  
—OF—  
**TOBACCO and CIGARS**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
**Prescriptions Carefully AND ACCURATELY Compounded—Day or Night—**  
—BY A—  
**THOROUGHLY COMPETENT DRUGGIST.**  
Nothing but the Purest Medicines Used. delis-2m

**Porter & Co.,**  
Dealers in all kinds of **FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS**  
**Fruits and Vegetables,**  
**Flour and Meal,**  
**DAIRY PRODUCE, Etc., Etc.**  
In the New Brick Building, opposite the College,  
**MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.**

**FAMILY SUPPLIES.**  
We are now fully prepared to supply Families with everything in the line of Provisions of every kind. Our store has been enlarged, enabling us to keep a larger assortment than ever before. We have an unsurpassed stock of **GROCERIES!**  
To which we call the attention of this community, believing that it cannot be equalled in Yolo county. A full assortment of **VEGETABLES!**  
Will receive special attention, and highest qualities be kept on hand, fresh, throughout the season of each variety.  
**BUTTER AND CHEESE**  
Are particularly in our line, and purchasers can rely upon getting the best market afford.  
**CROCKERY!**  
Has of late received considerable attention at our hands. We do not have a large stock in town that does as much in this line. Now on hand a large variety. Call and see. We shall keep a complete stock of goods in store, and sell at fair prices; therefore we ask a share of patronage from the people of Woodland and vicinity, guaranteeing entire satisfaction to all who patronize with their friends.

**PORTER & CO.,**  
no-23m Opp. College, Main st., Woodland.  
**Public Announcement.**  
A. J. WELLS, J. ROVEREIGN, C. L. BEACH, (SUCCESSORS TO ELLIOTT BROS.)  
Having leased the building known as "Elliot's Carriage and Wagon Manufactory," will continue the business in all its branches, including:  
**CARRIAGE AND WAGON-MAKING,**  
**BLACKSMITHING,**  
**HORSESHOEING AND GENERAL JOBBING!**  
The members of this new firm are all old hands at the business, and understand thoroughly every department. MR. ROVEREIGN, working on at Knight's Landing, and MR. BEACH, well-known as an experienced hand at the business in Woodland, while MR. WELLS is a good mechanic recently from the East.  
A complete stock of New Materials has been purchased, selected with great care, especially for this market.  
We respectfully invite the patronage of the public, warrant all work as represented, and shall charge only reasonable prices.  
We are Agents for the Bain Wagons, the World Mower and the Hill Gleaner, a supply of which will be kept on hand. Call and leave your orders.  
**BEACH, ROVEREIGN & CO.,**  
WOODLAND, May 1st, 1873. nol-2m

**WHOLESALE LIQUOR HOUSE!**  
IN WOODLAND!  
**DRYFUS & CO.,**  
Have in store a full stock of **Choice Wines, Pure Liquors, CIGARS, ETC.,**  
Which they offer to dealers and the public at wholesale rates as favorable as can be obtained anywhere on this Coast.

**FAMILIES SUPPLIED.**  
—AND—  
**GOODS DELIVERED ON SHORT NOTICE.**  
Store opposite Bank of Woodland, March 8th, 1873. delis-2m  
**VON HOYTER'S Cough Specific!**  
**THE BEST REMEDY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS!**  
A COMPOUND OF  
Tart, Liverwort, Horshoed and Lobelia.  
**H. C. KIRK & CO., Agents,**  
SACRAMENTO.

**WOODLAND BAKERY,**  
First Street,  
Opposite Central Hall, near Capital Hotel.  
**O. SCHLUR, Proprietor.**  
A Supply of Bread, Cakes, Pies, Crackers, Etc., always on hand, and delivered to any part of town if desired.

**Balls and Parties**  
Supplied on short notice. A continuance of patronage is respectfully solicited. nol-2m  
**COAL OIL,**  
For sale at  
**SIMPSON'S DRUG STORE**  
**ATLANTIC Lead, Lined Oil, Paints**  
in quantity, also Paint Brushes, at  
**E. BYNUM & CO'S**

**C. D. MORIN,**  
At his Old Stand, Opposite the Bank of Woodland.

Is prepared to do all kinds of **PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING, METAL ROOFING,**  
—AND—  
**And Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware,**  
—ALSO, DEALER IN **STOVES, PUMPS,**  
Iron and Galvanized Pipes of all sizes.  
—AGENT FOR THE Celebrated "Union Range,"  
**HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,**  
Of all kinds in his line.  
—**CALVANIZED IRON Water Tanks!**  
All Sizes, made to Order.  
—**AGENCY FOR**  
**Rose's deep well Force Pumps.**  
**TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS**  
Can be had at my store.  
**ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY**  
Promptly attended to.  
**SHOP ON MAIN STREET,**  
(Next to Gray and Wood's Hardware Store.)  
no-13m **C. D. MORIN.**

**RUGGLES & REINDOLLAR,**  
Dealers in all kinds of **Drugs,**  
**Medicines,**  
**Paints,**  
**Oils,**  
**Glass,**  
**Brushes,**  
**Perfumery,**  
**BOOKS, STATIONERY, LAMPS,**  
And everything found in a **First-Class Drug Store.**

**Physicians' Prescriptions**  
ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED,  
Day or night, by  
**T. B. REINDOLLAR,**  
APOTHECARY.  
ONE DOOR WEST OF PORTER'S STORE, OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.  
no-23m **Woodland.**

**LUMBER!**  
**RUGGLES & DAVIS,**  
(Successors to L. B. Ruggles.)  
**AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED YARD,**  
South of Main St., near the College, WOODLAND.

It is our intention to keep on hand every kind of—  
**Building and Fencing Lumber, Shakes,**  
**Blinds,**  
**Plaster Paris,**  
**SHINGLES, WINDOWS, LATHS,**  
**Lime, Cement, Hair, Etc.**  
All Orders Promptly Filled on Liberal Terms to the Purchaser.  
RUGGLES & DAVIS.  
no-23m

**ASTOUNDING!**  
\$18 in Value for \$3!

A SPLENDID HOLIDAY BIRTHDAY, WEDDING OR FRIENDLY PRESENT.  
The original, popular, large and elegant Oil Chromo.  
"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET,"  
The most-covered bucket, which hung in the well."  
(after JEROME THOMPSON) size 17 by 23 inches. The best picture ever published for \$18. This large and truly splendid Chromo, in all its original beauty and excellence, is offered at a premium to each \$3 yearly subscriber to THE DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE MODEL PAPER OF AMERICA.  
The Chromo is sent varnished and on a roller, postage ten cents extra; or mounted on canvas and stretcher, as an oil painting, fifty cents extra, which includes transportation; or mounted on canvas, and in an elegant 22 inch gilt frame with arabesque corners, these yards of crimson cord, and packed for \$3; making the whole complete, (including Chromo and subscription to the Magazine) only \$8.  
Do send to send early and get the magnificent Chromo, the "OLD OAKEN BUCKET," which, in size and artistic merit, is quite equal to an Oil Painting worth five hundred dollars.  
Now ready! Sent anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of the amount of the subscription. Address  
**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
88 Broadway, New York.

**C. A. BROWN,**  
Carpenter and General Jobber,  
RESIDENCE:  
COR. THIRD ST. AND OAK AVENUE,  
will attend promptly to all kinds of work in his line, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.  
\$25 Work respectfully solicited and charges reasonable. nol-2m

**Still on Hand!**  
**F. M. HALL,**  
MAIN STREET,

IN FRONT OF THE COLLEGE, WOODLAND.  
Would respectfully announce to the People of Yolo County, that he is now permanently located in Woodland, and is prepared to fill all orders in his line at short notice and in a satisfactory manner.  
**ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TINWARE, STOVES, RANGES, PUMPS, PIPE OF ALL KINDS, Nails, Screws, Hinges, Etc., WASH-BOARDS, CHURNS, Clothes Wringers, Galvanized Iron Wash Tubs, Waffle Irons, Corn Presses, Sad Irons, Rubber Hose, COFFEE MILLS, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Scrubbing and Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, ETC., ETC., ETC.**  
**MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF Tin, Copper, Brass and Sheet-Iron Ware.**  
—AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED **RICHMOND RANGE**  
**Empire City Cook Stove!**  
The Best Stoves Now in Use.  
Particular attention given to Repairing and Job Work. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. oct-3m

**Yolo Planing Mill, MACHINE SHOP,**  
—AND—  
**Manufactory for Elevators and Self-Feeders for Thrashing Machines,**  
COR. OF OAK AVENUE AND RAILROAD STS., One Block South of Hesperian College.

The undersigned hereby notifies the public that he has leased the Yolo Planing Mill and added to it a Machine and Blacksmith Shop, with a view to establishing a  
**MANUFACTORY FOR ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**  
And to do a General Milling Business in all its Departments.  
Doors, Sash, Casings, Inside Finish, Brackets, Scroll Sawing, Wood and Iron Turning, Boring out Steam Cylinders and Douglas Pumps (of any size), Door and Window Frames and Mouldings of all kinds made to order, Etc., Etc.

**CONTRACTING AND JOBBING**  
Left to Contractors, House Builders and Carpenters, whose patronage is especially solicited, and, besides, he is prepared to do  
**Good Work Guaranteed!**  
As None but First-Class Workmen will be employed. Besides, he is prepared to do  
**BLACKSMITHING!**  
AND REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.  
—AND—  
**STEAM ENGINES!**  
Will Manufacture Harrows, Cultivators, and anything in his line of business that may be ordered, at as reasonable rates as can be done in San Francisco.  
Jas3 **BYRON JACKSON.**

**J. H. BROGAN,**  
**GENERAL UNDERTAKER,**  
Having purchased the interest of Mr. Smith in this branch of the business, may be found at all times at the **Old Postoffice Building,**  
Opposite the Store of Geo. Lewald & Co.

**Funerals Promptly Attended to,**  
—AND—  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**  
He has the **FINEST OF HEARSE'S.**  
Hearse Services in Woodland, \$2.50; anywhere in the county, \$5.00.  
J. H. BROGAN, delis-3m

**NEW STORE.**  
**New Goods and New Prices!**  
**J. I. EATON,**  
(FORMERLY OF EATON & BRO.)  
Has just received and opened in the new building opposite the Masonic Hall, a new stock of **FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,**  
Which we offer for sale  
**For Cash, or in Thirty Days,**  
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Goods Delivered in Any Part of the City.  
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(Late of Coates & Wilson.)  
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# THE YOLO DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 7.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1874.

NO. 10.

## The Boy by the Brooklet.

Set the boy beside the brooklet,  
And with flowers he turned a crown,  
Then he beheld them twined around,  
In the waves, and drifting down.  
"Even thus my days are passing,  
Restless, like the waves, away;  
Even thus my youth is fading,  
Like the flowers that soon decay."  
"Ask not wherefore I in sorrow  
Life's fair blossom-time consume;  
All are hoping, all are rejoicing,  
When the spring renews her bloom.  
But these tones reviving Nature  
Breathes, unnumbered, on the air,  
When in my soul no gladness  
Waken but the brood of care."  
"What avails the pleasure proffered  
By the beautiful Spring to me?  
I am seeking one—truly—  
Ever far, though near is he.  
Toward that dear, dear shadowy image,  
Longing, I my arms reach wide;  
But, alas, cannot clasp it,  
And the heart is unsatisfied."  
"Hither come, O lovely maiden;  
Bid thy stately home adieu!  
In thy life the life I seek,  
Of the Spring I'll fondly strive.  
Silvery clear the brooklet ripples;  
Hark, with long ears, the grove!  
Ample is the smallest cup,  
For two hearts that truly love."  
—Home Journal.

## A Doctor's Story.

I was once sent for in great haste, to attend a man of respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.  
On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. Harris in great distress of mind.  
"What is the matter with Mr. Harris?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.  
"I'm afraid it's apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearances, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."  
I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was filled, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indication of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.  
"Harris! he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife.  
"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think that he will pass off in the course of a few hours."  
"A few hours! He may die in half an hour," she exclaimed.  
"I don't think the case so dangerous as that, madam." I ought to know about that, she said. "Depend upon it, the case is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."  
Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opened a vein from which the blood flowed freely, and relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.  
"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."  
By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed blisters all over the body; and another a blister on the head; another, immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use the stomach pump.  
"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.  
"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.  
"Impossible, doctor," said his wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."  
"No remedy?" I ventured the assertion again.  
"No, doctor! No spirit of any kind, not even wine, in the house," returned Mrs. Harris, in an offended tone.  
I was not the regular family physician and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my house happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. Harris. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician be called.  
"But the delay, doctor?" urged his friends.  
"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.  
But my words did not assure them. However, as I was in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Dr. Solly came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of imposition in the neighborhood, and proposed going to be back by the time Dr. Solly arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.  
When Dr. Solly came, we conversed aside for a few moments, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and what I had done to. We then proceeded to the bedside of the patient. There was still no sign of approaching consciousness.  
"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and bled?" asked the wife, anxiously.  
"Dr. Solly thought a moment, and then said:  
"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also a fresh dry blister, four inches by nine."

## ANEDOTES.

"This Best Cow."—A pretty rich thing occurred at the establishment of Simpson not long since. Simpson used to be a milkman, and we attribute to him, in a great measure, our loss of confidence in humanity generally, and in milkmen in particular. Mike Walsh had been recommended to Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired, and placed in charge of his department.  
One morning, after Mike had been a month in the place, Simpson, who had made ready to start off with his milk cart, said to him, "Mike, you may give the cows some oatmeal this morning; and be sure you give my best milk an extra quantity."  
"The best milk, is it, sir?"  
"Yes; you know the old cow that gives the most milk?"  
"Bedad, I think I do, sir."  
"Well, you may give her four quarts of the mash."  
"All right, sir. I'll do that same."  
On the evening of that day, Simpson had occasion to go to the old wooden pump in the yard. He tried the handle, but it wouldn't work. The pump seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally he discovered that all the upper part was loaded with something very nearly resembling oatmeal mash. He called his manservant.  
"Mike," said he, "what is the matter with this pump?"  
"The pump, is it, sir?"  
"Yes. How came this oatmeal mash in here?"  
"Sure, sir, I put it in myself."  
"Stupid blockhead! why did you do that?"  
"It was myself that told me, sir."  
"I—I told you to put it in here?"  
"Indade, ye did, sir."  
"Why, you thick-headed rascal! what do you mean?"  
"Don't be in a passion, master. Did not ye tell me, and give me best milk, and extra quantity of the mash, and where, in all the world, I'd like to know, is the crutcher that gives so much milk to yer cows as does this old pump?"  
The story leaked out, and added greatly to the distrust already entertained by Simpson's customers.  
A CALIFORNIA FETTER.—Mr. Dod Grile (Ambrose Bierce) has published a book, from which the following California anecdote is taken: One day in '49 an honest miner up in Calaveras County hid himself with a small snake of the garter variety, and either as a possible antidote, or with a determination to enjoy the chief remnant of a wasted life, applied a brimming jug of whisky to his lips, and kept it there until like a replet leech it fell off. The man fell off, and the next day, while the body lay in state upon a pine slab, and the bereaved partner of the deceased was weeping in a game of seven-up with a friendly Chinaman, the game was interrupted by a familiar noise, which seemed to proceed from the jaws of the corpse.  
"I say—Jim!"  
Bereaved partner played the king of spades, claimed "high," and then looking over his shoulder at the melancholy remnant of the deceased.  
"Well, what is it, Dave? I'm busy!"  
"I say, Jim," repeated the corpse in the same measured tone.  
With a look of intense annoyance, and muttering something about "people that never keep dead men's minutes," the bereaved partner rose and stooped over the body with his cards in his hand.  
"Jim," continued the mighty dead, "how 'r's this thing gone?"  
"I've paid the Chinaman \$2.50 to dig the body out, and you give me a little more to eat with this potato!"  
"Did he strike anything?"  
"The Chinaman looked up.  
"Me strike pay dirt; me no bury dead 'Melican man in 'em grave; me keep 'em claim."  
The corpse sat up erect.  
"Jim, get my revolver and chase that pigtail off. Jump his damn sepulchre and tax his camp \$5 each for prospecting on the public domain. These Mongolian hordes he got to be put under, and I say, Jim, if any more serpents come foolin' round here, drive 'em off. 'Taint right to be bit'n a fellow when whiskey's \$2 a gallon. Darn all foreigners, anyhow."  
And the mortal pulled on its boots.  
PORK AND POTATOES.—"Landlord," said a transient guest at a cross-roads tavern, as he drew near the end of his dinner, "won't you give me a little more meat to eat with this potato?" A moment later he said: "There was more pork than I wanted; let me trouble you for a little more potato to eat with this pork." And shortly afterward, "Well, I've got some more potato left, and it seems a pity to leave it—just a small piece of pork, if you please." It ran on so for some time. At length the landlord stopped short in front of his guest, and remarked: "Look here, stranger, I ain't no use. I'm willing to do anything in reason to make that pork and potato come out even, but I've made up my mind, the way you eat it, it can't be did. You're bound to lay over one or the other every time. Now just make up your mind which you'd rather leave, and leave it and quit. I've got enough pork and potatoes, but if you keep on you'll bust."  
THE CAT OF THE BAG.—Lord Chancellor Cranworth offered the late Dean Alford, in 1855, a lucrative living in Cornwall, which he declined, wishing to live in or near London. After having made up his mind not to accept the living, he went to call on Lord Cranworth, to thank him. The result must be told in the Dean's own words. "When I asked to see his lordship, the servant said he was engaged. I then said, 'I am not come to ask for anything, but to refuse something offered.' 'Oh, sir, then I am sure he will see you,' was the reply."

## HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT SLEEP WILL CURE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps best will be the most moral, healthful and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve a languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure nervousness. It will make a longer list of nervous maladies that it will cure.  
The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry great responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken for any length of time, it is not so easily regained. Often an illness treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after. Or perhaps long continued wakefulness produces the same effect; or hard study; or too much exercise of the muscular system, or whiskey drinking, or tobacco chewing.  
To break up the habit, are required:  
1. A good clean bed. 2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation. 3. Good pure air and not too warm a room. 4. Freedom from too much care. 5. A clear stomach. 6. A clear conscience. 7. Avoidance of stimulants.  
DRINKING WATER.—Drinking wine is a habit; so is drinking spirits, and, either coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit, and the person will feel much stronger; their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. These people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain affects the skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all drawn upon. The result is, as may naturally be expected, exhaustion. For this reason the man who drinks much water, particularly during the summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. The water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not the excess of water, he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. By the habit of drinking so much a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger, and more capable of bearing fatigue. In winter little fluid is needed, beyond what our food furnishes; in summer, more, but not much.  
PURE AIR IN A SICK ROOM.—To avoid the foul gas produced by burning a kerosene lamp in a sick room or nursery put the lamp in a wooden box (a raisin box will do) outside of the window, with the open end of the box facing the room. The box can be fastened in its place in any convenient way. In ordinary weather the lamp will burn full as well outside, and the air in the room will be much purer.  
SALTING MEAT.—Nessler considers the question, what are the best proportions of salt, sugar, and saltpetre? and it is better to use the most dry mixture of the above substances, or to dissolve the salt and sugar in water and apply this solution? As to the first point he recommends a mixture of six pounds of common salt, three ounces of niter, and one ounce of sugar to every one hundred pounds of meat; the figure of a corresponding weight to the proportions employed for salting meat in England. As to the second question, he is in favor of using a solution instead of a dry mixture, and he says that the reason for this is not only water but also some of the most nutritive constituents. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that salting by means of brine requires special care in order to insure thorough contact of the salt with the meat, while the dry and also a longer time for subsequent drying.  
CRACKER PUDDING.—Take eight crackers, split and butter them, place them in a pudding dish and pour over them a custard made of two eggs and one quart of milk, set it in the oven and bake for about half an hour, or until the custard is cooked. Place on a plate on the top of the pudding to keep it under the custard while baking.  
SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, a piece of butter half the size of a hen's egg, one scant teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour enough to make it as stiff as molasses gingerbread. Flavor with lemon oil.  
STREET INCIDENT IN DETROIT.—Says the Detroit Free Press, "There is an old dog owned on Lewis Street, which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they snatched a firecracker in the end of a cane and held it at William he would lower his head and go for them, and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will incline any old dog to do it. Yesterday when a crowd of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat, and said, 'That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town.' The goat and became eying the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on the belt. The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter kegs and abandoned hoop-skirts, and the goat turned a somersault the other way, while the citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts and crying out, 'Oh! it's nuff to kill a feller.'"

## The "Thousand and One Nights."

But how came that title of the Thousand and One Nights, which belonged, and still belongs, to all the European stories? I will tell you why; and in telling you why I shall give you the whole background on which all these various Arabian stories, wherever found, are arrayed. And the background is itself a story, and this is the way it runs: Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had a very beautiful and accomplished daughter, whose name was Shahrizad. This summer past he and she thought of his wives as stock owners think of their cattle, and I fear the present Persian Shah thinks no otherwise.  
Well, when this old Schahriar found that his wives were faithless and deceitful as all wives will be who are esteemed no more than cattle—he vowed that he would cut off the chance of their sinning by making an end of them; so it happened that whatever new wife he possessed one day, he killed upon the next.  
You think the brides were foolish to marry him, but many women keep on making as foolish matches all the world over; and she who marries a sot, is killed by him, instead of being killed quickly with a bow, as Schahriar did his work.  
Besides, all the women of the East were slaves, as they are mostly now, and subject to whatever orders the Sultan might command. That is what happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier or chief officer under him (who executed all his murderous orders) and he was horrified by the cruelty he had to commit. And this same vizier, instead of being killed quickly with a bow, as Schahriar did his work, he could gain no access to him, and could not win his influence over him except by becoming his bride; but if she did become his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought his sister and her father. She of course found it very hard to win the attention of her father, the vizier, to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the Schahriar should command her to be his bride.  
The fatal marriage day came, and the vizier was in agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the espousal, he waited in an agony of grief for the order for the slaughter of the innocent bride; but to his amazement and present relief, the order was postponed to the following day.  
The bride, whose name was Scheherazade—known now to school-boys and school-girls alike—was a most beautiful and charming story teller. And on the day of her espousal she had commenced the narration of a most engrossing story to her husband the Schahriar, and had so longly told it, over and over again, so long, so that when the hour came for the Sultan to set about his career of office she should be at its most interesting stage. The Sultan had been so beguiled by the witchery of her narrative, and so eager to hear the end of the story, that he had postponed the execution of his murderous design, in order to hear the termination of the story on the following night.  
And so rich was the narration and so great was the art of the Princess Scheherazade, that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of her husband, the Sultan, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, until her fascinating stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.  
If you count up these you will find they will make a period of three years and one month—during which she had beguiled the Sultan and stayed the order for her execution. In the interval, children had been born to her, and she had won upon her husband, and he had abolished his cruel policy of murdering his wives. From that time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on these thousand and one nights, and which have been recited since in every language in Europe, thousands and thousands and thousands of times, are the Arabian Nights tales. If this account is not true in all particulars, it is at least as true as the stories are.  
A good woman sacrificed herself to work a deed of benevolence. That story may be true, and is being repeated over and over in lives all around us.—St. Nicholas.  
To quote the miller in the novel, "It is an uncommon thing when you can let a man know what you think of him without paying for it." Mr. John Droyer, of Maine, is an unfortunate gentleman who has found himself unable to do this pleasant thing. An ardent devotee to the dictionary led him to casually observe one of his neighbors that said neighbor was an "indefatigable genius." To the ordinary mind this does not seem a remark of a dark and mildly slanderous nature. But the minds of Maine are not ordinary, and the neighbor instantly began suing for slander, the result of which was that Mr. John Droyer was obliged to pay \$212 damages.  
It is again settled that if railway companies give free passes, they contract to carry the holders safely, and if they don't do so, are as much liable to be wounded as if these had paid their fare, notice of non-responsibility printed on the back of the ticket to the contrary notwithstanding. Henry Horst was a Free Passer on an Indiana railway, and having been most inhospitably smothered, by the kind assistance of the U. S. Circuit Court, taken \$8,000 out of the company.  
FELICITY AND PROSPERITY.—We must distinguish between prosperity and felicity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment. The course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.—[Burke.]

## A Forgotten Celebrity.

The following advertisement appears every now and then in the *Corriere di Torino*:  
"Lessons in German, English, and Hungarian, given, at moderate rates, by L. Kosuth, 164 Strada Nuova."  
The advertiser is none other than the once celebrated dictator of Hungary. He is now almost utterly forgotten, even in Hungary; he has grown very old, and is now so poor that he will gladly give you a lesson for a single franc. This would seem very humiliating for him and yet he is proud of his poverty.  
He says:  
"Three years ago my friends at home, in Hungary, offered me a present of fifty thousand florins. I rejected the offer, and never have regretted it, even when I was hungry, and had no money to pay for fire!"  
I had occasion, the other day, to call upon him. I was no stranger to Kosuth. Twenty years ago he had given me, in London, a great deal of valuable information for my book, "Hungary in 1849." I found him in a very small room, in the fourth story of a dingy old building. He sat alone in an easy-chair, poring over an old volume. When I entered he did not recognize me. I recognized him, and was shocked. What a change these twenty years had produced in his once handsome and interesting face! His hair was entirely white, his cheeks were hollow, and his eyes utterly dimmed. His form, once erect and proud, was now painfully bent. He almost groaned as he raised himself to bid me welcome.  
He was deeply moved when I informed him who I was. His face brightened as he warmly clasped my hand, and recognized me. "Oh, yes, oh, yes," he said, in German, "I know you now. Everybody forgets me; no one calls upon me; no one cares any more for me! Why should I remember those who once were my friends?"  
To this I objected. I asked him how he could be forgotten when his friends in Hungary wanted him to return to his native country, and take again an active part in its affairs.  
Kosuth smiled very bitterly.  
"Oh, yes," he said, "return to Hungary dishonored, with an oath of allegiance to the Hapsburgs who murdered my friends and kinsmen, and who set a price upon my head. I am neither a Deak nor an Andrássy."  
I asked him how he got along.  
"Well," he said, sadly, "my good children and my poor wife alive yet; I would be happy, even in my old age and poverty. But they are all dead, and I am very lonely. That is what renders my exile here, where the people are so kind to me, so distressing. It would be no better in Hungary. I have no kinsfolk anywhere but in the New World."  
"Why, then, not go to America again, where your name is still revered?" I ventured to say.  
"Oh," he replied, "I have often been sorely tempted to go back to the United States, but there are two obstacles in the way. In the first place, it would cost more money than I have to spare; and next, I am almost sure that, in my present enfeebled condition, I would be unable to bear the sea-voyage."  
All this was very melancholy, and I hastened to change the subject of our conversation.  
I showed him the proof-sheets of the chapter on Andrássy in my new work on Austria. He put on his spectacles, and holding the paper in his trembling hand, read carefully what I had written.  
Meanwhile I had time to look around in the room. Against the rear wall stood a narrow, plain bed. On the walls hung portraits of Mazzini, Bixio, Kisz, and, strangely enough, of Louis Napoleon. On the book-shelf by my side I noticed Victor Hugo's "Année Terrible," Kinglake's "Crimes," and ten or twelve well-worn grammars. On a table, close to the bed, lay a loaf of bread and a plate of dried beef.  
To my dismay I found that my glance around the room had attracted Kosuth's attention.  
"Yes," he said, with a smile, "you see for yourself now that I am very poor; and yet, when I left Hungary in 1849, I was charged by all the mean organs of the Hapsburgs with having enriched myself at my country's expense. Do you know what my whole income was last year? Within a fraction of eight hundred florins! (Less than two hundred dollars.)"  
I shook my head sorrowfully. He told me what he thought about the chapter on Andrássy, gave me plenty of valuable and interesting information on the subject, and then dismissed me, saying that it was time for one of his pupils to make his appearance.—Translated for Appleton's Journal.  
The first prize for the best conundrum was awarded to a Vermont printer at the conclusion of an entertainment the other evening. It was this—"Why was the Shah of Persia, during his recent visit to England, the best card-player in the world?" Because the swells gave up their clubs, the workmen gave up their spades, and the ladies were within an ace of losing their hearts when he came to show his diamonds.  
SECRETS DILIGENTLY GUARDED.—Generally he perceived in men of devout simplicity this opinion: that the secrets of nature were the secrets of God, and that that glory into which man is not to press too boldly.—[Beacon.]  
This is a remarkably open winter. The oldest inhabitant does not remember a winter in the past twenty-five years when loafers could stand on the corners in the middle of December, as they do now.—Danbury News.  
ULTIMATUM.—Let the wise man be considered as a fool, the just man as unjust, if his rigorous adherence even to virtue herself carries him beyond the proper bounds.—[Horace.]  
A Connecticut girl has gone insane from being kissed in the dark.  
Had there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow.

A NOVELTY IN RAILROADING.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* makes public the circumstance that a four-ton locomotive, designed to run on one rail, has just been completed at a machine-shop in Gloucester City, N. J., for a street railroad in Atlanta, Ga. As such a thing has all the charm of novelty, we make room for the *Ledger's* description of the innovation:  
"This engine can, with propriety, be called a steam velocipede, as it rests upon two wheels one following the other. The rail or track upon which it is to run, a sample of which is being laid in the yard of the builders, is styled a 'Prismoid, or one-track railway,' and is composed of several thicknesses of plank, built up in the style of an inverted keel of a vessel, with a flat rail on the apex. Upon a trial a speed of about twelve miles an hour was attained, and the inventor and patentee claims that the speed can be almost doubled on a lengthened track. The crew, of Opelika, Ga., in the invent and patentee of both track and engine, and he claims that his inventions demonstrate a tractive power superior to anything in the locomotive line of equal weight. The capacity for running curves is very much greater than the two rail system."  
The track upon which the trial was made contained thirty feet of lumber and eighteen pounds of iron to the lineal foot, proving itself equal to a span of twenty feet, remaining firm and unyielding under the pressure of the engine as it traversed the road. The revolving flanges attached to the engine, and which run on the outside of each wheel, Mr. Crew claims, absolutely lock the rolling stock to the prism, and obviate the necessity of so much heavy rolling-stock in light traffic at a high rate of speed. It is also claimed that a prismoidal railway built with a base of fourteen inches, angles forty-five degrees, can be built at a cost of \$3,000 per mile. It is noteworthy of opinion that his engine and track is particularly adapted to the propelling of canal boats, and will complete successfully with horse-power on canals without necessarily interfering with the use of the latter, but he does not state in what way. The engine will shortly be shipped to its destination (Atlanta, Ga.), where it goes into operation on a street-railroad built at an elevation of twelve feet above the sidewalk.  
THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.—The story the first American newspaper, brief as was its life, is full of curious interest. Seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and 250 years after the invention of printing, a newspaper was issued in Boston. It lived one day, and only one copy is known to have been preserved. That copy was discovered by the historian of Salem, the Rev. J. B. Felt, in the Colonial State-Paper Office, in London, where engaged in researches relative to the history of his own city. This pioneer of journalism was published by Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee-House, Boston, and was printed for him by Richard Pierce, on Thursday, the 24th of September, 1689, the day after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The paper was printed on three pages of a folded sheet, leaving one page blank, with two columns to a page, and each page about eleven inches by seven in size. Harris proposed to issue his paper once a month, or oftener if there was a "glut of occurrences." His first, and as it turned out, his only number, contained several columns of home and foreign gossip, without a word of editorial comment, to grant the same, the success of his undertaking, he printed one or two items of local and military news which set the official busybodies in a ferment of indignation. The legislative authorities solemnly determined that the paper came out contrary to law, and that it contained "reflections of the highest nature." To prevent Mr. Harris from issuing a second number, they forbade "anything in print without license first obtained from those authorized by the Government to grant the same." In this way the first American newspaper came to grief; and but for the accidental preservation of a single copy in London its very name would have passed into oblivion.  
CHILDREN AS PROPRIETORS.—Every boy ought to have some farm stock to care for as his own. It encourages him to acquire business habits and management. A flock of sheep, if only composed of two, is a business investment, and the boy who has these or a calf to care for as his own, soon acquires taste for management, and thus forms business habits.  
So with the girls; they should have an interest in the poultry or some other branch of the stock. It is surprising how soon they will not only love the work, but become interested in those branches in which they have a family interest. There is one mistake that children seldom make, and that is, they do not sell out when stock is low, but rather hold on for the rise which is always sure to follow depression.  
The farmer who within the few years preceding the late slaughter of sold sheep because wool was low, has since had cause to regret it. If his children could have had small flocks of their own to care for, the nucleus for future flocks would have been preserved; for such farmers are always eager to again venture a flock when the price is high. He has not cause to regret, perhaps, that he did not procure the same grade of stock as that which he previously had spent so much time in creating. Whether this be so or not, it always pays to encourage the young people of the family to have something which they can call their own. It makes them more industrious in other departments, and also makes them love home better as they grow to manhood and womanhood.—*Young Folks' Rural*.  
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Had there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow.



The Buffalo Fight.

The challenge advanced from the herd to within some four feet, getting angrier and angrier as he came. Suddenly there was a crash which had in it something of the crash of a battle. The buffalo was a long, steady push, in which every tendon of the huge bodies of the buffaloes was strained to the utmost. Then there was a strategic easing off, then a sudden gladiatorial thrust, which pressed the huge heads to the ground in an even balance of strength. Neither beast dared relax a muscle or retreat an inch, for fear of that fatal charge upon the flank, or that dangerous twist of the neck, which means defeat.

A momentary relaxation of the tremendous strain only resulted in the "hangy" heads coming together again with a dull thump, and a renewal of the dogged pushing, which might have moved a freight train. It was a matter of lungs and endurance, and the white froth began to drop in long, tenuous strings from their lips, and the red eyes to glare dimly through what seemed clots of blood. I could hear the labored breathing where I lay, and see the tendons stand out across the thighs and along the thick necks.

But this dead set of strength could not last always. Every moment of time was telling disastrously upon the shorter wind and decaying strength of the old crusader, who still fought for the love of his youth. His foot slipped, and the intelligence of this slight disaster seemed to reach his antagonist quicker than a flash of light. No gladiator ever urged his advantage more suddenly. There was a huge lunge, a sound of horns slipping upon each other, a spring forward, and the horn of the younger bull had made a raking upward stroke through his antagonist's flank. The fight now became brisk. Again and again the old one turned and tried to make the old stand of head to head, and as often his more active antagonist caught him behind the shoulder. With the red agony of defeat in his eye, and the blood trickling from the long wounds in his flanks, he still refused to be conquered.

With falling strength and limbs, which refused any longer to serve him, he finally stood at bay, with open mouth and hanging tongue, unable to fight and dreading to retreat. His antagonist pushed him, and he yielded doggedly. He made no attempt to shield his flank, and pitifully endured all that came. The original plan of non-interference was abandoned, and the young lords gathered around him, and snorted and shook their heads, and gave him an occasional dig in the ribs by way of expressing their contempt for him.

The cows came and sniffed at him, and indulged in spiteful feminine butts and walked away. Their manner implied that they had always regarded him as a disagreeable old man, and they were glad he finally understood their heartfelt sentiments in regard to him.

Through all this the old stoic unflinching, whipped, but still obstinate. Gradually they left him to himself, and the herd wandered further away. He did not even look round; he was probably forced at last to accept his sentence of banishment, and go and live as long as he could alone, and fight his last fight with the coyotes and die.

A Newark (N. J.) husband brought home a hunk of molasses candy for his wife, the other evening. His wife wears false teeth. The candy was of an adhesive nature. She helped herself to a generous hunk, and planted both rows of teeth in it. There they remained. Strenuous were her efforts to release them, but she was not successful. She wanted her mouth free that she might say something to him. She wanted to say something to him that the candy not only prevented, but the tone of which from its prominent quality it de-bauched. But she could not get her jaws apart. Then she went to the sink and dropped the whole mass, teeth and candy as it was. Again she looked at him as if she was on the point of saying something he would be interested in, but every effort was broken up and destroyed by the orphaned jaws. Imagine a woman—a direct descendant of Eve—in such a fix. Think of the mighty thoughts surging and battling through her brain; think of the torrent of eloquence bursting from her throat with a roar and striking into the air a vapor; think of the blazing eyes, the distended nostrils, the trembling frame, the nervous hands. Picture her thus, tearing the miserable candy from the glistening teeth, and comprehending that you can, O man! the velocity with which the freed teeth have slapped into their place, and with which that wretched man subdued his merit and tore out of that house. *Danbury News.*

The bridge to be constructed over the Frith of Forth will be by far the largest in the world. According to the London *Builder*, its height will be one hundred and fifty feet, and the number of spans nearly one hundred. The smaller span will be one hundred and fifty feet wide, which is beyond the average width of the largest spans in ordinary bridges; but the crowning marvel in the center, which is to be fifteen hundred feet, or nearly one-third of a mile—an extent unparalleled in any existing structure of the kind. The entire cost of the bridge will be at least ten million dollars.

The happiness of our lives depends much on the active performance of the duties of our station; nor have we any right to infer that, if they are not properly discharged, they would be better if we moved in a more exalted sphere.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Six of his deserted wives are looking for Mr. Scott in Georgia, and his last brother-in-law has offered a reward of fifty dollars for his body.

Tommy can't see why people will persist calling what Shakespeare wrote in his works, when we all know the book is filled with plays.

A new style of boys' trousers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

A Chicago paper thinks that everybody who dies in Milwaukee is sure of going to a better land. Milwaukee has an idea that everybody who lives in Chicago can go to a better land without dying.

A New England paper states that Elder Knapp, the revivalist, declined to go to his dying mother's bedside recently, for the reason that she was sure of heaven, and the audience he was exhorting was in danger of damnation.

"It is a waste of valor for us to do battle," said a lame ostrich to a negro who had suddenly come upon her in the desert; "let us cast lots to see who shall be considered the victor, and then go about our business!" To this proposition the negro readily assented. They cast lots: the negro cast lots of stones, and the ostrich cast lots of feathers. Then the former went about his business, which consisted in skinning the bird.

A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted, tempers soured, and tempers lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last we heard of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs. Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've beat him!"

On returning to his family, after an absence of two weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingston to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, "Share your honor will give a tip, or more than this?" "Bad luck to it," said the captain. "Not a rap," said the carman. "Bad luck to it," said the captain. "What do you mean?" asked Johnson, anxiously. "Faix, that's tellin', anyway; and it's only for my fare I'm to tell my news." "Well, well," said the captain, "here's another shilling. Now, what has happened?" "Sorry the harm at all," replied Pat, "only I thought you'd not begrudge a little extra some at to know that I drive ye the last three miles without a linchpin."

These mothers-in-law seem bound to be the ruin of every man in the country. Here's the latest report of the doing of one of them: A New Orleans Judge riding in the cars recently, from a lady's glance at the countenance of a lady by his side imagined that he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day, but she would, she only saying, "Yes." "Why do you wear a veil?" inquired the dispenser of justice. "Lest I attract your attention." "It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law. "Not when they are married." "But I'm not." "Indeed?" "Oh, no; I'm a bachelor!" The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since.

A PUZZLED PIKE.—In the great aquarium at Brighton, Eng., a pike was introduced among the trout and other fish. At first its behavior was quiet and commendable, but after a while the discovery was made that it had a great fondness for the trout; such a liking, indeed, that it did not hesitate to chase, and eat them. Various plans were tried to stop the havoc it made, all of which failing, a plate-glass partition was inserted in the aquarium between the pike and the trout. The pike watched its former companions swimming around on the other side of the glass, and, darting toward them with great velocity, succeeded in bumping its nose violently against the thick plate. Evidently wondering what was the matter, it repeated the experiment several times, until, convinced that there must be something wrong, it reluctantly ceased its efforts. The glass was then removed, and the pike finding it could swim about and around the trout, frequently shot after them, but always stopped abruptly when within a few inches of its intended prey, as if a sudden recollection of former failures had returned.

CALL MR. GEORGE.—The double lives men live in their relations with women, the irresponsible and unscrupulous dealings they indulge in privately, are well illustrated in the following incident: Hon. George Bancroft was promenading one evening on the veranda of the Ocean House at Newport, with a gay New York belle, not out of her teens. In course of conversation she addressed her companion as "Mr. Bancroft." "Now, really, my dear Miss C—," said the ancient man, "you must not call me that—call me George!" A few moments afterwards they returned to the drawing-room and mingled with the throng, when, to the amazement and horror of our venerable historian, the mischievous girl exclaimed loud enough for the whole company to hear, "George, I have dropped my glove—please go and look for it." Bancroft went but did not return.

A woman living near Altoona recently entered a stable attached to the house in which she lived, when a horse caught her by the nose and bit it off.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Asparagus and Manure.—I have tried all kinds of manure for asparagus plants, and all sorts of treatments. Nothing, however, produced such a rank and thick growth as fresh cow manure. We have often used horse manure well rotted, and salt, and various other applications. But the pure cow manure spread over the bed about three inches thick, proved the best. The year before the last we had the most wonderful growth, and, as we believe, entirely from this cause. We always leave our stalks until they are about one foot high before cutting them; we fancy they are much better, and we know we get three times as much vegetable food fit to eat.

Cows.—An old correspondent writes: "There is a marked difference in cows, and in different bloods. But there is but as much difference by feed as by blood. The best cow on poor feed is a wonder of growth, and, as we believe, entirely from this cause. We always leave our stalks until they are about one foot high before cutting them; we fancy they are much better, and we know we get three times as much vegetable food fit to eat."

It is worthy of note that this body was found at a remarkable height, almost on the level with the second story, and near it were a few pieces of money in bronze and silver. Thus a rather interesting addition is made to the casts in human remains in the museum. The first experiment of the kind was made "a long time ago" by the Commandatore Florelli, now director of the national museum, in the presence of your correspondent. It created a great sensation at the time, as well it might, for it brought to light, if not the bodies, some of the victims of that great eruption which buried a whole city beneath its ashes, and presented us with types of the race who once peopled the streets of that now silent city. A discovery has just been made also at Torre del Greco, on the spot where the works are being carried on for the breakwater near the railway. It consists of a Roman sepulchre containing two skeletons. In a country, however, where the soil for the remains of the past, the fact is scarcely worth recording.—*London Athenaeum.*

An exchange gives the following simple remedy for the toothache, on the principle, if no cure, no charge for advice. If any of your readers suffer from toothache or neuralgic affections arising from teeth in any stage of decay, they may experience relief, instantly and permanently, by saturating a small bit of clean cotton or wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and apply it immediately to the affected tooth. The pleasant contrast instantaneously produced, sometimes causes a fit of laughter, although a moment before extreme suffering and anguish prevailed. I have used the remedy for over one year, and have obtained sufficient proof to warrant publication.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, N. Y., April 8, 1873.

R. V. Pierce, D. M., Dear Sir: Your Favorite Prescription has done me a world of good. It has taken nearly two bottles, and has relieved me of all my troubles. I have been suffering from a chronic disease of the stomach for many years. No more periodical pains; none of that sick, bloated feeling, nor the constant nausea which has been accustomed to me for several years. I have now confidence in it. I would be perfectly well if I could get hold of a bottle of it at any time. I have written you several times, but have never had any answer to my letters. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, D. B. WHITE, 415 Broadway, New York.

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